*Eu.* Pray you locke hand in hand: your ſelues in order ſet.
And twenty glo-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
*Fal.* Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.
*Piſtoll.* Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.
*Qui.* With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.
*Piſt.* A triall, come.
*Euan.* Come: will this wood take fire?
*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.
*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

*Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie.*
*Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,*
*Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,*
*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*
*Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie.*
*Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,*
*Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.*

*Page.* Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?
*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues?
See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?
*Ford.* Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maſter



Maſter *Broome, Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldy knaue,
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome;*
And Maſter *Broome,* he hath enioyed nothing of *Ford*
his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of m
which muſt be paid to Maſter *Broome,* his horſes a
reſted for it, Maſter *Broome.*
*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn,* wee haue had ill lucke: wee
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue again
I will alwayes count you my Deere.
*Fal.* I doe begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.
*Ford.* I, and an Oxe too; both the proofes are
tant.
*Fal.* And theſe are not Fairies;
I was three or foure times in the thought they were
Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſod
ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the ſo
ry into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth o
rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how
may bee made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imp
ment.
*Euans.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe,* ſerue Got, and leaue your deſ
and Fairies will not pinſe you.
*Ford.* Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh.*
*Euans.* And leaue you your iealouzies too, I p
you.
*Ford.* I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou
able to woo her in good Engliſh.
*Fal.* Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, th
wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this?
I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I haue a C
combe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece
toaſted Cheeſe.
*Euan.* Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is
putter.
*Fal.* Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at
taunt of one, that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is